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Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

IPSE DIXIT.

Our Government's a strange compound
Of shapes and sizes,
Where negroes, and fools, and party hacks,
May find their life's chair;
Where statesmen strive to pass good laws,
And negroes sell traffic it;
Where two fools meet to one wise man—
And that's my Ipe Dixit.

Bachman is a bachelor—
They say he's fond of pickles;
And that's the reason why he thinks
So very much of Bickles.
He makes a shabby President,
Whatever way you fit it,
And should be to the south-house sent—
And that's my Ipe Dixit.

We have a Senator, said to be
The first man of the nation;
But there are some who say they doubt
As to his creation.
They say and snarl at all they meet,
And fight like old Don Quixote,
A wildcat and an air balloon—
And that's my Ipe Dixit.

We also have at Washington,
A hall for law debates;
But most of those who gather there,
Are noted gladiators.
However fine their speech may be,
With slavery issues they mix it—
'Tis woe to him, and woe to him,
And that's my Ipe Dixit.

We've what is called a Supreme Court—
The first judge is a grumpy;
I wish I could hear the people say
His name is Roger Taney.
He holds the Constitution up,
Then to the—kicks it;
That he's a dotard, no one doubts—
And that's my Ipe Dixit.

Virginia has a Governor Wise,
As brave as Palatka's hero,
And as devoid of generous deeds,
As was the tyrant Nero.
He has a sword that carries death,
Whatever place he sticks it—
That active blood runs through his veins,
Is my own Ipe Dixit.

Virginia has a mighty man,
'Tis said they call him Mason;
He grows and barks at Northern men,
And puts the negro grace on.
The subject is to him so sweet,
He is in his blood veins;
That he'll be happy, the more it grows—
And that's my Ipe Dixit.

Select Tale.

THE MUTE DOCTOR; —OR— THE MAN WITH MANY NAMES.

A TALE OF PASSION.

BY MRS. M. L. SWEETSER.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XI.

THE MEETING BETWEEN DR. BOYD AND HIS WIFE.

The somewhat mutilated man lay a short time only in the state described. Two sailors passing through the street, stumbled upon him, and finding him senseless, raised him in their arms and bore him to the nearest house. This was a neat and secluded cottage, such as one seldom sees in cities, had been built many years, and stood merely because it had not yet interfered with the house and land speculations of some wealthy proprietor. A rural garden adorned it in front, while the carefully swept walk proved it to be an abode of order and refinement even amid poverty.

In one of the rooms fronting the street, seated by a plain work table, covered with the various parts of a child's dress, sat a pale and slender woman. Her countenance was cheerful though subdued, and some traces of the beauty of her earlier years remained. A little girl of eight or nine years sat by the window sewing. The room contained a sufficient quantity of plain, useful furniture, and every arrangement was evidently more for comfort than on any other principle.

"Mother," exclaimed the child, dropping her work and turning a little pale, "two men are bringing another man in here. I think he is wounded, for I see blood upon his face, and he does not raise his head."

The lady looked from the window, and seeing that it was indeed true, threw open the door of an adjoining bedroom, and as soon as they entered the street door, requested them without hesitation or apology to lay him upon the bed. They did so.

"We found him hauled up under an old wall hard by, and thought we could not do better than to stow him away here, till he can steer for himself," said one of the men, good-naturedly, turning to the lady; "and now I will fetch a doctor, and old Jack shall stand on the look out for the man, if it will not disturb you."

The lady was surprised at the unworldly generosity of the men, and replying that her house was entirely at their disposal, for the accommodation of the wounded stranger, he departed for a physician.

The sorely beaten man could not speak, and had not as yet showed any sign of life, while the blood and dust were so mingled upon his face that his most intimate friends could not have recognized him.

The physician soon entered, and requesting some warm water, bathed and bandaged the wounds, gave him a cordi-

al, and soon after joined the lady in her sitting room, to await a few moments the reviving of his patient.

"How are you now?" he kindly inquired, for Mrs. Lawrence had been some time a patient at his hospital, and he had a sincere respect for her.

"Much recovered, sir, I thank you. The new friends who have so kindly cared for me, and particularly the excellent treatment in your hospital, have given me new life. I feel daily getting stronger."

"You seem quite comfortable here."

"Oh, yes, sir, thanks to Mr. Peterson, who rented this house and has furnished it as you see. I have plain sewing, with Serlo's wages serves us quite well. Heaven will surely bless him for the noble deed."

"There is indeed a sincere pleasure in meeting such souls; they will redeem the character which might otherwise attach itself to the world. But, my good lady, what do you intend to do with this man? It would endanger his life to move him at once, and yet, his being here must be a sad inconvenience to you."

"It is not convenient, it is true, but I have so recently experienced the benevolence of others, that I cannot refuse the best I have for the comfort of a suffering stranger. When he is a little recovered, he will mention his friends, for whom we can send; till then I will do what I can for him."

Mrs. Lawrence followed Dr. Mason into the bed room and looked at the sick man for the first time since the blood had been washed from his face and hair. In an instant she uttered a piercing shriek and fell in a swoon across the bed.

The physician, astonished by her conduct, and knowing that she was not a woman of sudden emotion, bore her to a window, and giving her ammonia, gradually restored her to consciousness. She could not immediately speak, but placing his hand upon her heart, he at once perceived her malady. Gradually its irregular and unnatural pulsation subsided, and she pointed to the bed room with such earnestness, that he assisted her there, though somewhat contrary to his judgment. Pressing her hand upon her heart that she might not again yield to its violent spasms, she gazed long and intensely upon the insensible being before her, then drawing a miniature from her bosom she evidently compared them. After some moments the physician heard a low, stifled sob, and a murmur, "It is he—my husband," and she again sank upon the bed that held him.

The kind Dr. Mason, still supporting Mrs. Lawrence in his arms, looked alternately at the wounded man and the miniature. The resemblance was perfect after the necessary allowances for increased age and the disfigured state of the man. Mrs. Lawrence had told him her story, and he doubted not that the wounded man was her long absent husband, and that the mystery in which he had been shrouded would now be solved.

He also foresaw that with all the changes which time, ill-health and constant anxiety had produced, it would be some what difficult to convince him that she was indeed his wife; he therefore recommended her to arrange her hair and dress as much as possible like her appearance in former years, and to go into the air for a short time to regain tranquility, promising to summon her upon the least appearance of consciousness in his patient. She did so, accompanied by Hetty, who was perfectly bewildered at the strange scene.

Presently Dr. Mason appeared and said:

"Come, madam, he is awake, and apparently out of danger, though very ill. I think you can speak to him without fear of a relapse; but you must have courage, it is for you that I fear."

She trembled violently, and alternately became deadly pale or highly flushed. Leaning upon the physician, she gathered courage to approach him for whom she had watched many long and wearisome years. Taking his hand in her own, and re-assuring herself by one long, fixed look, she said firmly:

"Augustine, do you know me?"

He started and changed color on being addressed by a name which he had resigned years ago. After a moment's pause, he replied in a low, sweet voice:

"Indeed, I do not, but I see that I am severely wounded and have doubtless been brought into your house. Certainly, I shall find it difficult to express my thanks to a kind lady, who has thus saved my life."

"Augustine, look at me," she continued in a trembling voice, "am I so fearfully changed that you cannot recognize in me the wife of your love—the mother of your children?"

He did look at her, but it was more to gain a moment for reflection, than to convince himself of her identity. Then extending his arms and clasping her to his bosom, he exclaimed with affected passion:

"My wife! yes, yes, it is my long absent wife. But tell me, love, why are you here and in these humble lodgings?"

"I will tell you all presently," she replied, "and I have much to hear from you also. But you are ill, and I am far too happy in being once more with you, to think of anything else." Her voice trembled; she buried her face in his bosom and wept.

adieu in a cheerful tone, hoping that for once his presentiment might prove false. It seemed that this would be the case, for day after day passed in which he witnessed the happiness conferred by the presence of the wounded stranger. He expressed infinite satisfaction in again meeting his wife, in embracing his children, in being again the centre around which a loving family revolved.

They were sitting together one lovely evening, while he was still confined to his easy chair, when the wounded man pressed the hand of his wife in his own, and bestowing upon her an expression of deep and earnest love, begged her to know her history since their separation. With tears of sorrow at the recollection of many sufferings and of gratitude for her present unexpected happiness, she related all—even the most minute events, together with her plans for the future, though these would now be changed by his return. During the recital her husband frequently raised his handkerchief to his eyes, apparently much affected by her story.

When it was ended, he drew her more closely to him and said:

"Now, my dear Mary, it is my turn to solve the mystery of years. You must have thought me cruel indeed, to desert you thus, and especially to throw you penniless upon a hard and selfish world; but listen to me, and you will see that I have always had your highest happiness at heart. A short time previous to my departure, I received word that I might make an immense fortune by engaging in a speculation then going on at Havana, if I would consent to superintend the operation in person, in behalf of myself and others. I hesitated, but for your sake and our dear babes to enjoy the luxuries of wealth, I resolved to go, but without your knowledge, as my absence would be but three months—six at the most. Soon after I shipped, I wrote you these facts, and that I should soon be in your arms, the dearest place on earth; but fate was adverse. I became involved in some political difficulties, which detained me some years. Wearied to death of this long separation, I flew, upon the first moment of liberty, to meet you, but alas! our ship was captured by an Algerine Pirate, and an immense quantity of gold, which, notwithstanding my misfortunes, I had accumulated, fell into their merciless hands. For years I again languished in captivity. Oh, my God! what did I not suffer when overwhelmed by thoughts of my wife and children. I could not write during the first years of my absence, but you never received those letters. I landed, after many perils, a few weeks since, and had completed every preparation to go to you immediately, when I was attacked by a band of ruffians, and robbed of all my money and some splendid jewels I was carrying to you. I cannot, however, regret this event, as it was the means of restoring me to you the sooner. God grant, my sweet Mary, that we may never more be separated."

He then stated that they would still remain at the cottage, for the rent of which he would pay Mr. Peterson, (who had leased it for five years,) till a prosperous business would enable them to take a larger house, and promised, when able to go out, to send some furniture for the yet unoccupied rooms; in short he succeeded in convincing Mrs. Lawrence that he was, and ever had been, the most devoted of husbands.

A few days more and he walked a short distance into the street to try his strength. "Blood and thunder!" muttered he on seeing the crimson marks which still stained the wall and pavement, "this is indeed a pretty scrape for me to be in, and that devil Gastone and his infernal wife triumphing over me. Vengeance seize me, if I do not make them feel the force of my revenge yet. I wonder how Bernard succeeds with the pretty girl Emily. I have some suspicions of him. If he deceives me, let him beware! I shall have my satisfaction, and a dear one too. I shall not be much longer cooped up in this nest, where I shall oftentimes find a convenient retreat when tired of the others. I have put my wife off with a fine story, which she believes to the letter. This is but another specimen of the favor I eternally find with women. Good Heaven! how many attractions I must possess!"

Two days after he bade adieu to his family, saying that important business would detain him from the city a short time, and departed to ascertain the result of his various plans and to seek Bernard.

During the three weeks of Dr. Boyd's confinement in the house of his wife, Mrs. Gastone had removed to the mansion purchased by her husband, and had found leisure to think of Dr. Boyd, and to begin to grow weary of the noble man who had forgiven so much. Strange infatuation! in her secret soul she again pined for her lover.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIRST DREAM OF LOVE.

Nature had bestowed upon Bernard Heston many great and noble qualities which a life of disappointment and degradation had not wholly destroyed, though they were much obscured. The only child of proud but noble parents, who had been reduced to poverty, and unaccustomed to toil, he, like them, failed in a habit of persevering industry, which had it existed, would have excluded many of the errors of his youth.

Upon the sudden death of his parents, at the age of fifteen, he found himself thrown upon the world without means of

living and ignorant of his relations, though his mother had assured him that her connections were wealthy and aristocratic, but she had been disinherited. This was all Bernard knew of his family history. Thus situated, Bernard gradually attached himself, by his unflinching boldness and daring contrivances, to a set of men who acknowledged Dr. Boyd for their leader, and who had not the clearest perceptions of honesty. He liked this mode of life, for in it there was full scope for the fearless and uncontrollable activity of his mind, and his superior muscular strength.

For two years his had been the strong hand to execute the will of Boyd. While loitering around the dwelling of that man, he had frequently seen about the windows and sometimes upon the steps the pretty Emily. Without having exchanged any sign of recognition, he nevertheless began to feel a strong and deep interest in her. Her image had grown clear and definite in his heart, and the purity and beauty of her countenance had wrought some good resolutions in the soul of the young man.

The night he entered Dr. Boyd's room so unexpectedly, his object was to deliver him the money, to say that he had done the last he should do for him, that he had resolved to abandon his present life and seek an honest fate. A sweet but secret hope of securing the love of the unknown girl animated him to this change. But when the villain made known his feelings for her, and his intentions towards her, the blood boiled in Bernard's veins, and with difficulty he restrained himself from killing him at once.

He did not, therefore, avow his resolution, but accepted this job like all the others, without manifesting to his employer's observation any special interest in the result. Secretly, however, he swore that never should the licentious man pollute the fair girl by even a look, and that he would be her constant though unseen protector till he could honorably seek her love.

His first object was to ascertain her residence, that he might warn her of her danger. For many days he labored under this thought, though unsuccessfully, constantly replenishing his basket with the most curious and attractive toys, that he might not fail to be taken among the children, as he knew that she was constantly with the little child he had often seen.

More than three weeks passed. Dr. Boyd had suddenly disappeared from view, and he began to fear that he had managed to secure Emily. This suspicion with disappointment, caused him to concentrate the whole force of his energy upon the effort, which was at length repaid with success.

Sauntering through the Park one day, he cautiously scrutinized every group he met. At length, he saw near a group of children and earnestly looking at him, the young girl who so fully occupied his heart. Fearing to alarm her, Bernard neither approach, nor appeared to notice her, but employed himself in selling a few toys. The moment he was disengaged, she came towards him, and with an air of trustful confidence said:

"I know you. I have seen you often standing in the street. You have something to say to me. I do not fear you."

This was so new and unexpected to Bernard, who had anticipated the greatest difficulty in addressing her, that he was for an instant confused. The modest expression of her fair, open, ingenuous countenance forbade a suspicion; she was so young and true. Her extreme sincerity and purity wrought their own influence upon his heart, and he felt as if standing in the presence of an angelic sister. After a moment's hesitation he replied:

"But you do not know my name."

"No matter, mine is Emily, and I will call you—"

"Bernard," he continued, charmed with her frankness and sincerity.

"Do you come here often?" said Emily.

"I can as often as I please," said Bernard; "do you wish me to come?"

"I would like to see you sometimes," she replied; "I come every day at eleven with the children, and Anthony protects me."

"I am glad you do not come alone; it would be unsafe."

"Unsafe," she repeated, with a low, musical laugh that betrayed her ignorance of the world, and unconsciousness of all danger. "I wish no one evil; who would harm me?"

"There are many," he replied, evading the question, for he had not yet decided what course to pursue. "But tell me where you live."

"With my mother," she returned, "in the house of Mr. Gastone;" and she related her past history, and particularly her meeting with her parent, with a sweet and touching simplicity and without reserve.

"Have you any sister?" she asked in conclusion.

"No," replied Bernard, "but I wish I had."

a slight shade of sorrow crossing her face. She rejoined the children, and accompanied by Anthony, proceeded home.

While Bernard conversed with Emily a stranger, entirely muffled in a large cloak, the collar of which was standing and his face concealed by an enormous visor, stood quite near and was apparently deeply absorbed in a paper, which he held very near his eyes. He stood with his face turned from them, and soon after Emily departed, carefully followed her at a distance. His object was accomplished. He knew the residence of Mrs. Gastone and Emily. It was Dr. Boyd's first walk after his recent illness; he immediately knew Bernard Heston, who wore no disguise, but was not distinctly recognized. Now fully acquainted with their plans, he resolved if possible, to frustrate them, but at the same time accomplish his own.

That short interview had wrought an entire change in Bernard. He felt that an angel's presence now encircled him; it was henceforth impossible to live as he had done; he was impelled to seek a pure and useful life. He had found a friend, gentle, affectionate and sincere; should he not prove himself noble, generous and true? Hitherto, he had regarded the world as evil, and himself—a part of it—as necessarily so. Suddenly, and by a mysterious influence, he became elevated above it; he could no longer delve among its crimes and miseries, but follow the divinity within, of which he had just become conscious. He was not what he had been; a light, clear and beautiful, overshadowed him, and he lingered in its rays as one just awakened from a dream.

He had walked on a long time without consciousness; suddenly he stopped by a group of ragged and poverty reared children. They must have questioned the sanity of the young man, for he threw the contents of his basket among them and walked away without speaking.

At eight in the evening Emily presented her new friend to her mother, who received the young man kindly.

"I know not," said she, a slight gloom overspreading her countenance at the recollection of her own fate, "if I ought to encourage a friendship so suddenly formed between you and Emily, but there comes with it a presentiment of good which I cannot reject. There is something generous in your countenance. I think you are honest. God forgive me if I mistake and thereby ruin my child."

Bernard related his history without reserve, and his recent resolutions.

"You have suffered," said Catherine, "so have I. Let this be a bond of union between us," and the tender-hearted woman gave him her hand. He respectfully kissed it.

"I have no mother," he replied. "God has to-day given me a sister. Will you be my mother?"

"I cannot refuse," she said.

Emily knelt between them, and giving each a hand, said in a low, sweet voice:

"My Mother! My Brother!"

A solitary tear dropped from Bernard's eye upon the little hand resting in his own, and he silently consecrated his life to the happiness of the gentle, trusting child who had won him from evil to the good and true.

Then gently raising and seating her beside him, he related to Catherine the events which led to his acquaintance with her daughter, and above all, to their present interview. With these the reader is already acquainted.

"Describe this man to me," she said, when he had finished speaking.

He did so, at the same time relating what he knew of his history.

"God save my child!" she exclaimed, in tones of deepest anguish.

"Never fear, my mother, replied Bernard, "no harm shall come to her so long as my life is spared. I know this man well. He will use every possible means again secure her, but I will outwit him. Above all things, do not permit her to go from your presence. If she walks accompany her."

It was a small apartment in the basement story in which they sat, and owing to its retired situation or to carelessness, the blinds had not been faithfully closed. As Bernard accidentally turned towards a window nearly behind him, he distinctly saw a face suddenly removed from it. A suspicion rushed upon his mind. Hastily seizing his cap, he exclaimed, "Take care of yourselves," and sprang from the room. Once in the street, he walked quickly in every direction, to find the individual to whom the intruding features belonged. He had no idea of fear, and only desired that he might once more meet this devil in human form and tell him what course he should pursue.

Suddenly his arms were pinioned by a powerful hand from behind, and Dr. Boyd stood before him, exclaiming in a gay tone:

"Fairly caught at last, my lad. But how speeds the commission on which I sent you? That pretty jade knelt to you. Was she imploring you to take her back to me?"

"Name her not," cried Bernard, in a voice of thunder, "or I will forever prevent you from speaking; loose my arms there, or by the powers above, you shall suffer for it."

"Well thought of, my brave lad," replied the Doctor, laughing; "you see you will first have a clash with the gentleman in your rear, and meanwhile I can leave, insult or kill you as I choose; rebel not, you are at my mercy. Pray don't forget so, young man. I advise

you to stand quite still and answer my questions."

Bernard did as he was recommended a moment, but for a very different purpose. Exerting all his strength, which was great, by one effort he released himself from the man who held him, sprang upon the pavement, and dashed him with much force upon the pavement.

The stranger flew to his assistance, and after a short but severe contest, the Doctor was released, and Bernard, overpowered by numbers and a stunning blow upon the head, was forced to yield.

Stopping a carriage which was that instant passing, they packed the wounded man into it; the stranger next entered, and then the Doctor, after having given some considerable detailed instructions to the driver. After passing through many streets, they came to a stop at the door of a low cabin in a narrow and almost deserted lane. They succeeded in finding beneath the rubbish a trap door, which they entered, and after descending a considerable distance, traversing a winding and somewhat intricate passage, and again ascending a long flight of steps, they emerged into a large, plainly furnished apartment.

Their victim, though not dangerously wounded, was nevertheless still quite senseless from the heavy blows he had received, and they had been obliged to carry or drag him since they left the carriage. Pushing open a large door of a closet adjoining the room, they entered. They laid him on a bed, and having sprinkled a little water in his face, and placed a pitcher and a few cakes by him, they departed. Thus he lay for many hours, the only feeling of which he was conscious being extreme thirst; this he endeavored to satisfy from the pitcher, but after each draught the thirst and the stupor increased.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Miscellaneous.

(Written for the Kansas Chief.) THE WANDERER.

BY W. HOWARD FERRIGO.

Father, my soul is weary, weary,
Of earth's sorrow, grief and care;
I am weary of vainly striving,
When strife brings but despair;
I am weary of hoping, when each hope
Is from my bosom torn;
I am sick of battling with Fate, which has
For me but grief in store.
I have wandered far, and sought in vain,
Through long and weary years,
In quest of some entering joy,
And found but grief and tears.

I've met bright gems of beauty, which
An angel might adore;
And when I have learned to love them,
Death's hand tears them from me.
Father, my soul is weary, weary,
And I long in peace to rest,
From earthly hopes and sorrows free,
In the realm of the blest.

He bowed his head, in humble supplication—
An unseen angel from the throne of Love,
Came to his side, and bore away his spirit,
On Mercy's pliancy, to the realms above.

STEVENS POINT, WY., April 6, 1860.

NOTE.—W. Howard Ferrigo, for God's sake don't write any more "poetry." This effusion has given our readers the Chelton, and your obsequy gave him the Monks—two diseases combined, the doctor looks call "Rhinitis rhinitis." If you persist in your reckless assaults upon the Muse, look out for that "unseen angel" as come down and take you up too!—DAVIS.

MR. CRITTENDEN'S DECLINATION.—At the festival given in Alexandria on the 12th inst., the birthday anniversary of the immortal Clay, Mr. Crittenden took occasion to announce his declination in advance of the Presidential candidacy, in the following felicitous terms. We copy from the National Intelligencer:

"Mr. Crittenden then disclaimed all ideas and all wish for the Presidency, signifying his preference to retire and rest after a long period of public service. He did not underrate the station, whatever he might think of some men who had held it. He had no hope he could have it if he wanted it, and does not want it if he could have it. He said this out of no modesty; he had always said it. For himself, he had served out his time, and it was time to retire. Mr. Clay however was a man fit for the Presidency, and he was long anxious to see him President. All we want now, is a proper sort of Chief Magistrate. Not a man of vacillation, but a man of strong and good heart, who could sit here joyously among his fellow-citizens to-night and to-morrow go with firm and iron hand and make a strict execution of his duty, and a man who could not do that should give place to a stouter and better man. It was Jackson's force of character that gave him his popularity. A proper President must have a physical as well as moral courage; so as to meet a man who should come from the North or the South with threats upon his tongue and say to him, 'Sir, I am President.' A man who has not the heart to do this is not fit for the place. If the least fracture or crevice is in him his weakness will be sure to be found out. His administration will be made to head. But on the other hand if he be brave, and firm, and honest, the Union will be safe. I am, said Mr. Crittenden, no candidate for the Presidency."

But while we thus part from Mr. Crittenden, he has left behind us a portrait of just such a President as the country needs at this juncture, and we are sure our readers will agree with us, that Judge Bates must have set for it—so true is it to his character of lineaments.—Baltimore Patriot.

The Charleston Convention—Senatorial Candidates for the Presidency Doomed to Defeat.

"Independent," the well-known correspondent of the Philadelphia North American, writes:

As the time for the Charleston Convention approaches, it becomes more evident that there will be no such rush there as has been anticipated. Although the interest on that occasion has not abated, the cost of the entertainment is by no means agreeable to the "unaffiliated." Besides, the opinion gains ground daily, that the candidate who was likely to make the largest display of members, is fast receding from the prominence he once occupied. All the recent developments go to show more conclusively than ever that Mr. Douglas will be put aside by the combination of the whole Southern vote against him. Those who represent differently, must either be strangely ignorant of what is plain to all other eyes, or willing to pervert facts with the mistaken hope of acquiring influence by that weakest of expedients. Georgia, North Carolina and Maryland are claimed for him, in the very face of their positive declarations to the contrary, and in defiance, too, of the well known opinions of the delegates. Nothing is to be gained by this system, but a more complete disappointment at Charleston. The nomination may be involved in some doubt, though it seems pretty clearly prefigured; but the defeat of Mr. Douglas has been long since registered, and will soon be formally proclaimed. The South may forget, but it will never forgive defection.

No President of the United States was ever elected from the United States Senate, and if the Opposition are wise now, none will be in 1860. The sixty-five aspirants in that chamber may take all the consolation they can from this significant fact in political experience. If the Senate had a vote on the practice which has heretofore excluded their members, it is hardly necessary to say it would be unanimously tabooed. As it is, both parties are now endeavoring to overcome this arbitrary usage, by offering the nation a choice of President from among a multitude of Senators, none of whom is likely to occupy the White House.

MORAL OF THE NEW ENGLAND ELECTIONS.—The Philadelphia North American says:

On the whole, and saying nothing of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana and Illinois, we think it clear that the Opposition are not sure even of Connecticut and Rhode Island, without great prudence in their nominations and great skill in their strategy. Consequently, it is clear that all violent movements must be abandoned, and the right and left wings must act with and support the center. If chieftainship be discarded, as it should be in so great a struggle, and the policy of the campaign decided without regard to personal preferences, we shall win the field. If either man-worship or ultraism prevail we shall lose it. We have no special choice as candidate for the thorny Presidential crown. But he must not only be moderate, firm, able and upright, but also so fair a representative of the average opposition sentiment that he can draw forth nearly the total of the Opposition strength. Hundreds of thousands would gladly give a candidate who could and would be for the whole Union over. Still, if his position were such as to deserve the support of the southern "moderates," and southern fanaticism should forbid it, that would make but little difference.

We conclude by saying, very nearly in the language of Tribune, that for success next fall we must have unexceptionable nominations, a perfect union, an effective organization, and a powerful effort.

A Pike's Peak correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat writes:

From all I hear and observe, Mr. Bates, of Missouri, is the great man for the Chicago nomination, in the hearts of Pike's Peakers, here and throughout this Territory. All in this Territory are extremely sorry that we shall not have the power of casting our votes for him next Fall, but we all, generally speaking, admire the man, and earnestly wish to God he may be the Chicago nominee, for if so, we know he is bound to sweep the States, and control the Presidential helm for the next four years. So mote it be!

The Milwaukee True Democrat (Radical Republican) expresses the opinion that Gov. Seward will not be nominated by the Chicago Convention, and adds: "We do not say that Seward could not be elected, but we believe the Republicans could make a better and stronger fight with either Bates, Fremont, Lincoln, Wade or Chase."

A Baltimore paper learns that the so-called "Union" Convention to be held in that city on the 9th of next month, has secured the Front Street Theatre for five days, at the rate of \$100 per day, and are going to reserve the front tier of boxes for the ladies. Is it a farce they are going to perform?—Washington Constitution.

BUCHANAN VS. DOUGLASS.—The Washington telegraphic correspondence of the Enquirer has the following: "There is a rumor of a Cabinet rupture. Out of this grows a gossip, which is true in all respects, that Buchanan has said he would oppose the election of Douglas with all the power of the Government."